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# **TAKEN BY STORM**



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# TAKEN by STORM

"YOU'RE DUE TO DIE TONIGHT, BUD,  
BY GUN OR BY GRENADE . . .  
SO DO SOME KILLING FIRST, BUD . . .  
THAT'S THE SKY RATS' SERENADE . . ."  
... FROM THE CANTEEN SONG OF THE  
1ST. SPECIAL AIRBORNE BATTALION,  
SELF-STYLED, THE SKY RATS . . .



# Chapter 1. *Sky Rats' Serenade*

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOE SLADE, C.O. OF THE SKY RATS, THUMBED HIS STOP-WATCH AND TIMED THE MOCK ATTACK.



"DOC" VERNEY HAD BEEN POSTED TO THE SKY RATS IN THE FINAL WEEKS OF THEIR TRAINING FOR THE D-DAY DATE WITH THE GERMANS . . .



## Taken by Storm

5

SLADE'S RUTHLESS DRIVING OF HIS MEN DISGUSTED THE IDEALIST DOCTOR WHO HAD VOLUNTEERED AS PARACHUTIST M.O. . . .

SIX MEN HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED  
TO BASE UNITS THIS WEEK, COLONEL SLADE  
... CRACKED IN BODY AND SPIRIT  
BY YOU!

I WON'T PULL  
MY RANK ON YOU,  
VERNEY . . . JUST  
COME WITH ME!

SLADE STRODE OVER TO WHERE FOUR SKY RATS WERE MANHANDLING A SIX-POUNDER ANTI-TANK GUN OUT OF A CRATER . . .

WHAT ARE YOU . . . MICE OR MEN?  
THE DOC THINKS YOU'RE MICE. ANY MAN  
WHO CRACKS GOES BACK TO  
BASE CAMP!

HE'S JUST  
A SWINE . . .

## Taken by Storm

ABIE MORRIS COULD FEEL HIS MUSCLES CRACKING. SALT SWEAT MISTED HIS VISION AND, AS IF FROM FAR AWAY HE COULD HEAR HIS C.O.'S GOADING VOICE

SO YOU CAN'T  
TAKE IT,  
EH, ABIE?

CAN'T YOU  
SEE HE'S HAD  
ENOUGH?

HOT ANGER PULSED THROUGH ABIE. HIS BODY ARCHED UNDER A LAST SUPERHUMAN EFFORT

WHO... CAN'T...  
TAKE IT!

GOOD OLD ABIE...  
WE'VE DONE IT!

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7

VERNEY STOOD BACK, HARDLY ABLE TO CREDIT WHAT HE SAW.

RECKON I CAN  
TAKE IT NOW,  
SKIPPER?

SURE, ABIE . . .  
I JUST WANTED  
THE DOC TO  
KNOW IT,  
TOO . . .



SLADE BECKONED UP A SERGEANT . . .

THERE'S NO PLACE HERE  
FOR MEN WHO CRACK, DOC . . . SO  
YOU DO YOUR JOB, AND I'LL DO MINE.  
SERGEANT MACKRAY, SEE THE  
M.O. BACK TO HIS AID POST . . .

THIS WAY,  
SIR . . .



## Taken by Storm

VERNEY, TIGHT-LIPPED, KNEW FURTHER PROTEST WAS USELESS.

LIVE GRENADES ON AN EXERCISE! I'LL BE TREATING CASUALTIES AT THE AID POST TONIGHT . . .

THE SKIPPER KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING, SIR. WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, OUR BLOKES WILL KNOW THE SCORE . . .



THE SKY RATS STORMED THE PRACTICE HILL THEY HAD NICK-NAMED "BATTERSEA RISE" . . .

NOW YOU'RE IN THE JERRIES' KILLING GROUND . . . YOU'VE TEN SECONDS TO STAY ALIVE . . . WHAT ARE YOU GUYS LOAFING ABOUT FOR?

WE'RE SECONDS FASTER THAN YESTERDAY . . . THE SKIPPER'S NEVER SATISFIED!



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9

AGAIN AND AGAIN SLADE PACED HIS MEN OVER THE CAREFULLY PREPARED ASSAULT COURSE . . . ONE THAT DUPLICATED IN EVERY DETAIL THE HAZARDS AND OBJECTIVE THAT AWAITED THEM ON D-DAY.



SLADE WATCHED THE FINAL ATTACK ON AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE "MOCKED-UP" INTO A REPLICA OF THE GERMAN H.Q. IT WOULD BE THEIR VITAL TASK TO OVERRUN.



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THE EXERCISE OVER, THEIR SERGEANT MAJORS GATHERED THEM FOR SLADE'S COMMENTS AND CRITICISMS.



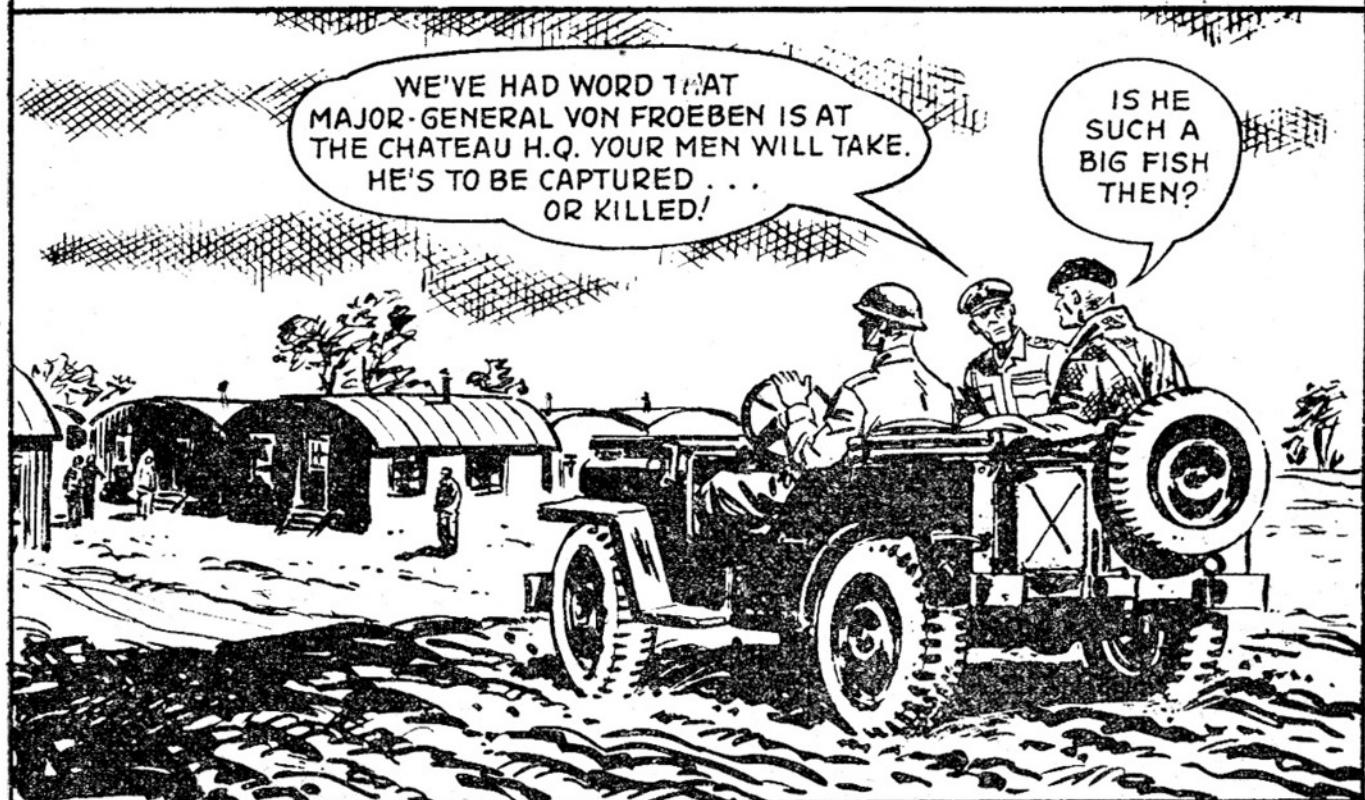
AS EACH SKY RAT GATHERED UP HIS EIGHTY-POUND LOAD OF KIT AND EQUIPMENT, A MAJOR CAME UP TO SLADE.



BETWEEN THE BRIG AND SLADE WAS THE BOND OF MEN BAPTISED IN BATTLE.



SLADE RODE BACK IN THE BRIGADIER'S JEEP TO THE CAMP IN THE SPECIALLY REQUISITIONED W.D. AREA RESERVED FOR THE BATTALION'S INVASION REHEARSALS.



## Taken by Storm

THAT AFTERNOON EVERY MAN MADE LAST MINUTE PREPARATIONS. EVERY MAN WAS CONFINED TO CAMP, AND SLADE DID THE PAPER-WORK CHORES HE HATED IN B.H.Q. OFFICE . . .



SLADE SCOWLED AT THE LASHING RAIN. RAIN THAT COULD HOLD UP THE ORDER TO GO.

MAYBE YOU KNOW WHY THE CHAPS DON'T COME FOR TREATMENT?

WE COULD BE AIRBORNE BY MIDNIGHT . . . THAT'S WHY! THEY KNOW THAT ANY BLOKE MARKED UNFIT NOW, WILL BE LEFT BEHIND. COME ON, IT'S BRIEFING TIME . . .

NEVER IN DOC VERNEY'S LIFE HAD HE MET ANYONE SO SURE OF HIMSELF AS SLADE.

YOU RECKON YOU KNOW YOUR MEN, COLONEL SLADE. PERHAPS TONIGHT WE'LL FIND OUT IF YOUR METHODS PAY OFF!

WE WILL, DOC! WE WILL!

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THEY CROSSED THE WET COMPOUND TO THE BIG CANTEEN . . .

THEY'RE JUST RELAXING. IT'S CALLED PUNCH-UP RUGGER . . . NO BALL, AND ONLY ONE RULE . . . YOU THROW YOUR OPPONENT OVER THE LINE TO SCORE . . .



SLADE AND THE DOC SKIRTED THE WHOOPING THRONG UNNOTICED . . .

THEY'VE GONE BERSERK! BERSERK, NOTHING! THAT'S SKINNER SCORING WITH GUTSY GORMAN. THEY'RE GEORDIES FROM NEWCASTLE, AND CLOSE BUDDIES.



## Taken by Storm





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ACROSS THE CHANNEL, NEAR THE LITTLE FRENCH TOWN OF MOSELLE, THE GERMANS WERE RENEWING THE DEFENCES OF THEIR 150 M.M. GUN EMPLACEMENT.



GENERAL VON FROEBEN, HIMSELF, WAS INSPECTING THE GUN EMPLACEMENT . . . THE MOST POWERFUL STRONGPOINT IN THE GERMAN DEFENCES OF NORMANDY.



VON FROEBEN'S LIP CURLED . . .

ROMMEL'S DAY IS DONE,  
OBERST SCHWARTZ. HE HAS  
CHOSEN **THIS** OF ALL TIMES TO  
LEAVE NORMANDY AND VISIT  
HIS FAMILY IN GERMANY . . .

THEN YOU  
THINK THE ALLIES  
ARE ABOUT TO  
ATTACK?

COL. SCHWARTZ, C.O. OF THE MOSELLE BATTERIES, ALWAYS FELT UNEASY IN THE PRESENCE  
OF GENERAL FROEBEN, KNOWN FOR HIS ACCURATE ESTIMATES OF LIKELY ALLIED TACTICS.

THE HOUR OF DESTINY IS AT  
HAND FOR US, COLONEL. OUR HIGH  
COMMAND ARE CONFIDENT THE ALLIES  
WILL NOT RISK A LANDING ON THIS  
COAST IN THIS WEATHER. BUT I KNOW  
THE BRITISH WILL PERSUADE  
EISENHOWER . . . **THEY WILL**  
**COME TONIGHT . . .**

## Chapter 2. Zero Hour

ALL OVER ENGLAND, THE CODED MESSAGES OF SUPREME COMMANDER EISENHOWER'S DECISION WERE FLASHED TO THE UNITS LYING IN READINESS . . .



ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 5TH, 1944, TWO MONTHS OF REHEARSAL BECAME REALITY . . .

A CHAP'S GOT TO BE HONEST WITH HIS MATE, SKINNER . . . YOUR MUG WOULD GIVE YOUR MOTHER THE CREEPS . . .



ON THE AIRFIELD, THE SKY RATS BOARDED THE DAKOTAS BY PLATOONS . . .

EIGHTY-FIVE PER CENT CASUALTIES ESTIMATED... AND THE SKY RATS CHEER!

TOP PRIORITY MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR. I JUST MISSED YOU AT THE CAMP.



SLADE TOOK THE MESSAGE AND RIPPED OPEN THE ENVELOPE. SUDDENLY, HIS BIG HANDS WERE CLENCHED IN FURY, AND THE OFFICERS OF BATTALION H.Q. PRESSED FORWARD ANXIOUSLY . . .

THIS ISN'T FROM THE BRIG . . . IT'S FROM AREA COMMAND. THEY MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY!

WHAT'S HAPPENED, COLONEL?

SLADE READ WITHOUT BELIEF THE NEW ORDERS SENT TO HIM BY SOME REMOTE STAFF-OFFICER HE HAD NEVER SEEN. **THEN** . . .

G.O.C.  
SPECIAL AREA.  
MOST IMMEDIATE  
PRIORITY: CANCEL YOUR TRIP.  
REGRET YOUR  
DISAPPOINTMENT.  
YOUR UNIT WILL STAND  
HOLDING YOU IN  
RESERVE.



## Taken by Storm

VERNEY AND THE OTHERS, UNAWARE WHAT WAS IN THE MESSAGE, THOUGHT THEY HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH FURY AS BLAZED IN SLADE'S EYES.



SLADE HAD CAST THE DIE AND DEFIED HIS SUPERIORS . . . BUT HIS ONLY WORRY WAS THAT THE COMMANDER OF THE R.A.F. TROOP-CARRYING PLANES WOULD RECEIVE A SIMILAR ORDER BEFORE THEY WERE AIRBORNE.



FROM ALL OVER THE AIRFIELD CAME THE MOUNTING ROAR OF AERO-ENGINES. FLIGHT BY FLIGHT, THE SKY RATS ZOOMED INTO THE NIGHT SKY AND HEADED FOR FRANCE . . .



IN EACH CROWDED PLANE, THE MEN CROUCHED TENSE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE SUPREME TEST OF ALL THEIR SOLDIERING LAY TWENTY MINUTES FLYING TIME AHEAD.

SOME CHEWED GUM, ONE PLAYED  
A BANJO AND SANG . . .

YOU THINK YOU'LL GO TO HEAVEN, BUD,  
BY WAY OF SHOT AND SHELL?  
THE SKY RATS FALL FROM HEAVEN, BUD...  
THEIR DESTINATION'S HELL . . .



## Taken by Storm

AS BARNEY ENDED HIS SONG, HE SUDDENLY RAISED HIS BANJO AND THERE WAS A SPLINTERING OF WOOD AND TWANG OF BROKEN STRINGS.



THEY WERE CIRCLING THE LANDING AREA. THE RED LIGHT SIGNAL TO PREPARE TO JUMP CAME ON, AND THEN THEY HEARD THE FIRST GUNS . . .



FROM THE LEADING DAKOTA, SLADE WENT HEAD FIRST INTO THE NIGHT SKY AND THE SEA OF COLOURED TRACER THAT SEEMED TO FLOAT UP FROM THE GROUND ALL ABOUT HIM . . .

IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE JERRIES KNEW WE WERE COMING . . .



HIS PARACHUTE OPENED ABRUPTLY, CHECKING HIS FALL TO A SMOOTH DESCENT . . .

THOSE ENEMY GUNS IN THE DROPPING ZONE WEREN'T IN THE AIR RECCE PHOTOS THEY GAVE US.



THE FIRST SKY RAT TO REACH FRENCH SOIL ALIVE WAS "SMUDGER" SMITH. OTHERS HAD PLUMMETED EARTHWARDS, PARACHUTES CUT TO RIBBONS BY BULLETS.

THE WHOLE SECTION'S GONE EXCEPT ME . . . AND I'M WAY OUT OF THE DROPPING ZONE . . .



## Taken by Storm





## Taken by Storm

THE TIGER IN SLADE SPRANG TO LIFE AS ALWAYS WITH THE FEROCIOUS CHALLENGE OF BATTLE.

HIMMEL! HE'S NOT A MAN . . . HE'S A DEVIL!

TAKE HIM, YOU FOOLS . . . BULLETS WILL DROP HIM!



ABIE, WINDED FROM A LANDING ON A CHURCH ROOF, SAW THE MELEE BELOW . . . AND PROMPTLY DEALT HIMSELF A HAND.

I'M WITH YOU, SKIPPER!

WE'RE AMBUSHED!



THE NEW DEAD SPRAWLED AMONG THE TOMBSTONES AS IF SILENTLY BESEECHING SANCTUARY FROM THOSE BENEATH THE SOIL.



SLADE, SEARCHING FOR LANDMARKS, GAUGED THEY WERE THREE MILES FROM THEIR RENDEZVOUS. THEY SET OUT IN THAT DIRECTION...



## Taken by Storm





## Taken by Storm

BUT GORMAN HAD PAID FOR HIS MOMENT OF RELAXATION . . . THE WINDOWS IN THE LITTLE STREET WERE LIKE BLANK EYES WITH NO LIVING THING BEHIND THEM AS THE FIRING SUDDENLY CEASED.



BUT EVEN WITH BOTH THEIR FIRST-AID KITS, SKINNER COULD NOT STAUNCH THE WOUND IN GORMAN'S SIDE.



SOMEHOW, SKINNER GOT GORMAN ON HIS BACK . . .



DOC VERNEY, UNSCATHED FROM HIS PARACHUTE JUMP, HAD SET UP A MAKE-SHIFT DRESSING-STATION.

IT'S GORMAN, DOC...

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR HIM, SKINNER.



BUT THE DOC DID NOT NEED TO TAKE MORE THAN A GLANCE AT GORMAN.

I'M SORRY, SKINNER...

YOU MEAN HE'S DEAD..?



DOC VERNEY SAW SKINNER'S FACE CONTOUR WITH HATE . . . A COLD FURY AGAINST AN ENEMY THAT SURRENDERED AND THEN KILLED.

I'LL BE GOING, DOC... I'VE GOT A LOT TO DO TONIGHT...



## Taken by Storm

THE WOUNDED PILOT'S WORDS DID NOT MAKE SENSE TO VERNEY AT FIRST.



AT THAT MOMENT, HE HEARD A FAMILIAR CLARION-TONED VOICE . . .



THEY BROUGHT THE WOUNDED IN, AND VERNEY COULD NOT HIDE HIS FIERCE ANGER AGAINST SLADE.



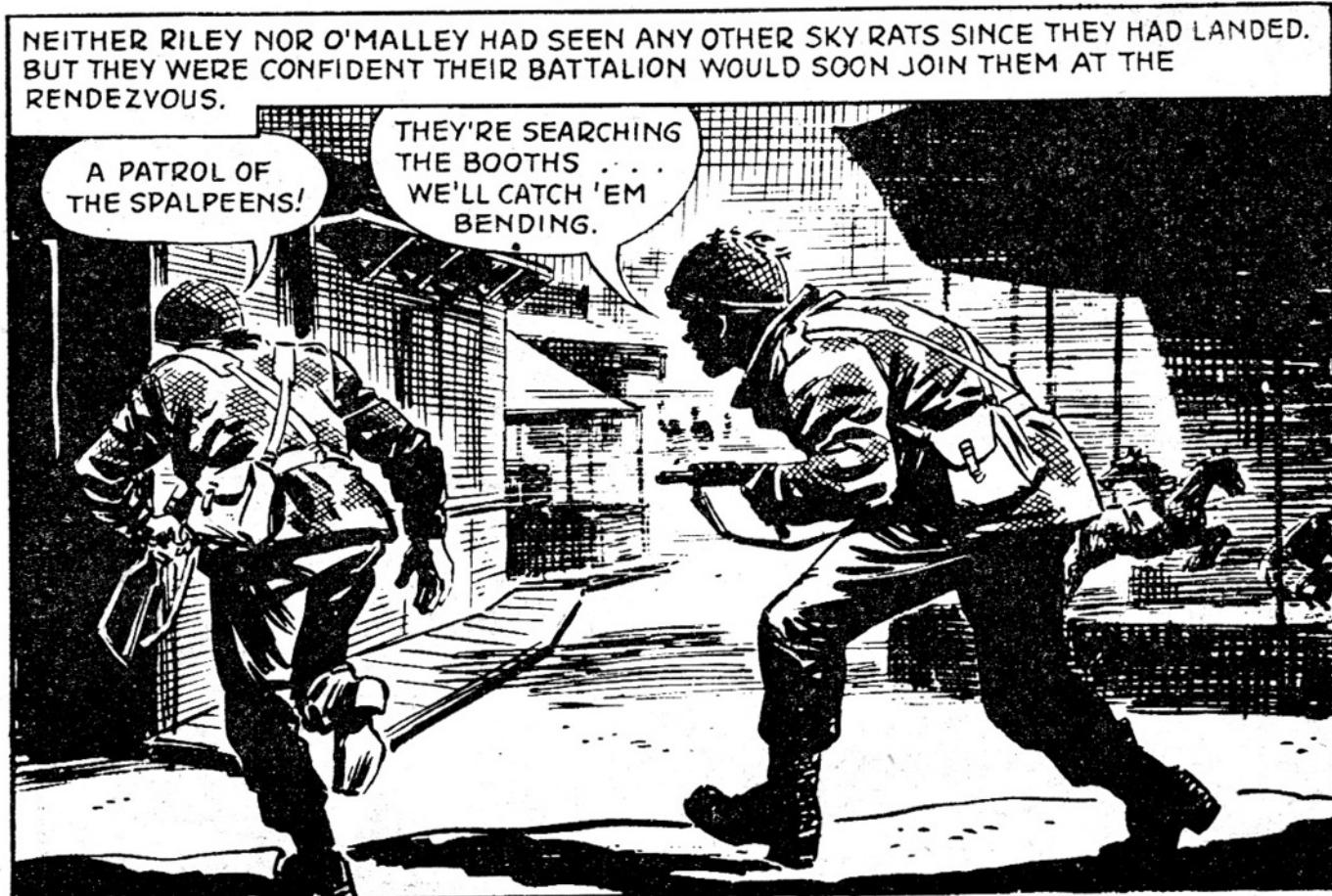
SLADE LEFT ORDERS FOR THOSE OF HIS WOUNDED WHO COULD STILL FIGHT TO FIND THEIR WAY TO THE R.V. WHEN THEY HAD RECEIVED TREATMENT.



## Chapter 3. *Killer's Carnival*

THE GERMAN AREA COMMANDER AT CHATEAU DE ST. MOSELLE TOOK HIS TENTH PHONE CALL IN AS MANY MINUTES.





*Taken by Storm*

RILEY WENT ONE SIDE OF THE FAIRGROUND AND O'MALLEY THE OTHER . . .





## Taken by Storm

RILEY BURST HIS WAY INTO THE NEXT ROOM . . .



HE PLUNGED BERSERK THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE SILENT, EERILY MOTIONLESS ASSEMBLY . . .



SLADE AND HIS MEN APPROACHING THE R.V. HEARD THE CRASH OF BATTLE AND DOUBLED THEIR PACE.

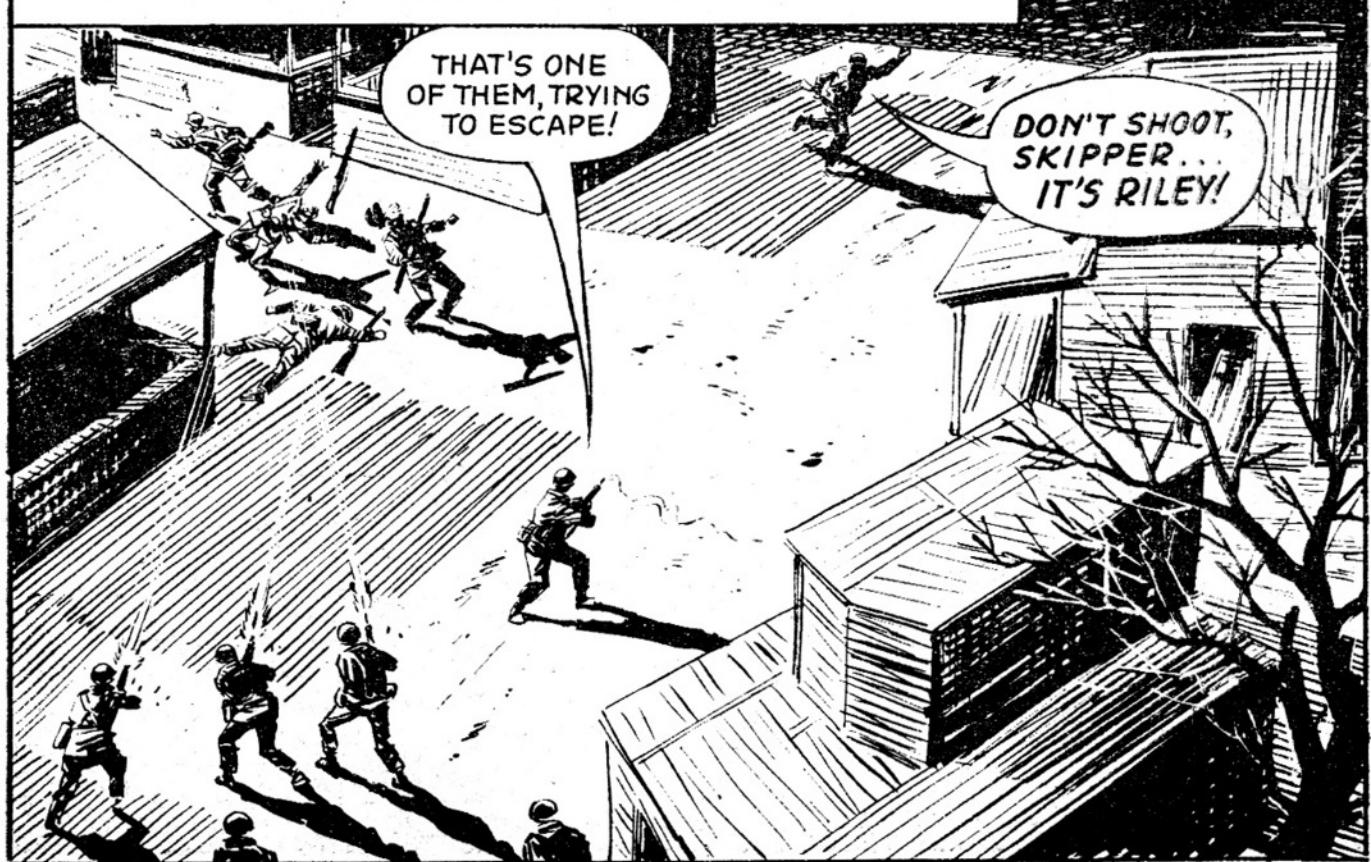
THEY'VE GOT O'MALLEY!



THE GERMAN PATROL SUDDENLY FOUND THEMSELVES HUNTED . . .

THAT'S ONE  
OF THEM, TRYING  
TO ESCAPE!

DON'T SHOOT,  
SKIPPER...  
IT'S RILEY!



## Taken by Storm



SLADE HELD A HURRIED "ORDERS GROUP". THEN CAME THE APPROACH MARCH TO THEIR FIRST OBJECTIVE THE DEADLY CONCRETE MUSHROOM OF THE GERMAN 150MM. GUN.



## Taken by Storm

HE TOOK HIS MEN INTO THE FRIENDLY DARKNESS OF THE VALLEY AND HALF-WAY UP THE FURTHER SLOPE HE GAVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE ATTACK.



BUT THAT MOST DESIRABLE FAVOUR THE WAR GODS CAN BESTOW . . . SURPRISE BY NIGHT . . . WAS WITHHELD FROM THE SKY RATS. . .

PHONE OBERST SCHWARTZ AT THE GUN POST. TELL HIM SOME BRITISH PARATROOPERS HAVE SLIPPED OUR NET AND ARE IN HIS AREA . . .

OBERST SCHWARTZ IS ON THE PHONE NOW, HERR GENERAL . . .



COLONEL SCHWARTZ, COMMANDER OF THE VITAL 150 MM. GUN EMPLACEMENT, GAVE HIS HOURLY SITUATION REPORT TO HIS AREA COMMANDER AT THE CHATEAU H.Q. THREE MILES AWAY.

YES, ALL IS READY, GENERAL VON FROEBEN. WE AWAIT A BRITISH ATTACK. THEN WE WILL DESTROY THEM!



## Taken by Storm

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THE SKY RATS STORMED UP THE HILL WITH SLADE AT THEIR HEAD . . .



THE SEARCHLIGHTS CAUGHT AND HELD THEM WHILE WITHERING BLASTS OF FIRE FROM THE FORT LASHED INTO THEIR RANKS.



THEY TOILED UPWARDS TO THE SHELTER OF THE ROCKS . . . AND ANOTHER DEADLY HAIL OF FIRE HIT THEM FROM THEIR FLANK . . .



## Taken by Storm.

THE SURVIVORS OF THE FIRST CHARGE UP THE HILL COULD NOT STIR FROM THEIR NEW COVER, WITHOUT BRINGING THAT LEADEN ONSLAUGHT FROM THEIR FLANK



EVER SINCE GORMAN HAD DIED FOR SPARING HIS ENEMIES' LIVES, SKINNER HAD NURSED HIS HATRED FOR ALL GERMANS.



FIVE MINUTES LATER, RILEY COOLLY ROSE FROM THE ROCKS, NOT FIFTY YARDS FROM THE ASTONISHED GERMAN GUNNERS. BUT HIS CASUAL WAVE WAS NOT FOR THEM . . . IT WAS THE SIGNAL TO SKINNER.



AS RILEY FLUNG HIMSELF DOWN, FIRING AS HE FELL, SKINNER CHARGED, HIS GRIEF AT GORMAN'S DEATH UNLEASHED IN MURDEROUS FURY.



SKINNER STOOD THERE IN THE SEARCHLIGHT GLARE UNTIL THE MAGAZINE OF HIS STEN GUN WAS EMPTIED.



THE DEADLY FLANK GUN WAS SILENT NOW... AND SLADE HEAVED HIMSELF UP FOR THE LAST DASH TO THE GUN EMPLACEMENT.



## Chapter 4. The Price of Victory

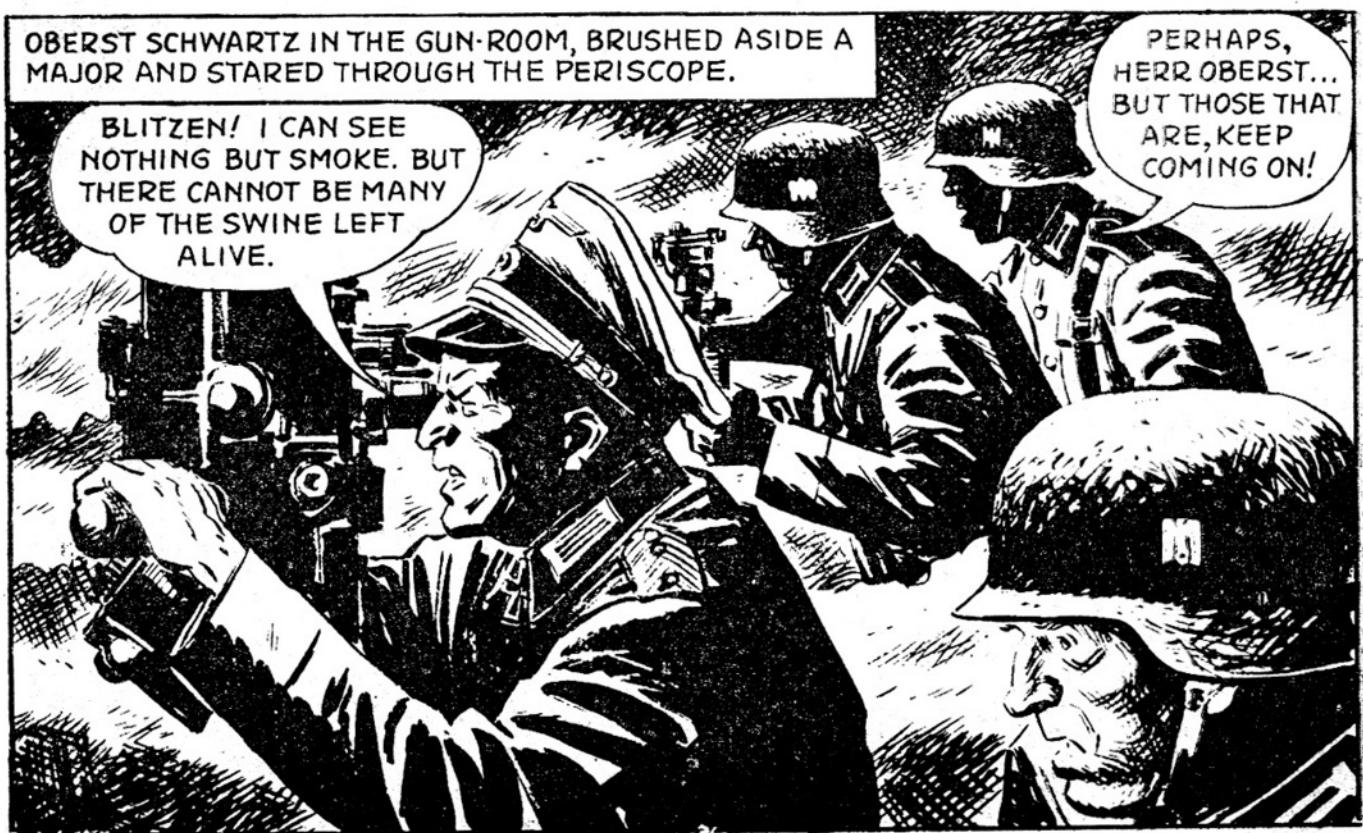
NOW THE SEARCHLIGHTS COULD NOT REACH THEM. CAPTAIN BENNETT HAD FIRED SMOKE CANISTERS CLOSE TO THE CASEMATE WALLS AND PARATROOPERS STORMED INTO ITS COVER.



oberst schwartz in the gun-room, brushed aside a major and stared through the periscope.

BLITZEN! I CAN SEE NOTHING BUT SMOKE. BUT THERE CANNOT BE MANY OF THE SWINE LEFT ALIVE.

PERHAPS, HERR OBERST... BUT THOSE THAT ARE, KEEP COMING ON!



SLADE, HALF-BLINDED BY SMOKE, KNEW ONLY THAT THE GREAT EMPLACEMENT WAS AHEAD. AS HE TUGGED THE PIN FROM A MILLS BOMB, A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE RIPPED PAST HIM . . .



OBERST SCHWARTZ STARED AS IF HYPNOTISED AS THE MILLS BOMB SAILED THROUGH THE SLIT AND THUDDED AT HIS FEET.



THERE WAS A SEARING FLASH AND THE GUN-ROOM BECAME A DEATH CHAMBER.

SCHWARTZ, THIS IS  
GENERAL VON FROEBEN.  
SCHWARTZ . . . ARE  
YOU THERE?



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FROEBEN GALVANISED HIS DEFENDERS INTO FURIOUS ACTION. THE CHATEAU MUST NOT FALL TO SO FEW OF THE BRITISH PARATROOPERS.



OUTSIDE, SLADE WAS EVERYWHERE, GOADING, EXHORTING, SPURRING HIS MEN ON . . .



## Taken by Storm

51

FROEBEN'S EYES NARROWED AS HE SAW THE BURLY FIGURE CROUCHED AT THE POSTERN DOOR . . .

KILL THAT PARATROOPER... BEFORE HE BLOWS DOWN THE DOOR!

YOU'RE WANTED IN THE RADIO ROOM, HERR GENERAL . . . THE HIGH COMMAND HAVE PUT YOU IN CHARGE OF THE WHOLE NORMANDY COAST!

IN EVERY BATTLE THERE IS A CRISIS POINT WHEN A COMMANDER KNOWS THAT THE DECISIVE MOMENT BETWEEN VICTORY AND DEFEAT IS AT HAND.

QUICK!  
GET THAT JERRY!

IT'S  
DONE!

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IN THE TURRET RADIO ROOM, GENERAL VON FROEBEN WAS DICTATING A MESSAGE FOR HIS RADIO OPERATOR TO TRANSMIT.



FROEBEN CHECKED THAT HIS PISTOL WAS FULLY LOADED . . .

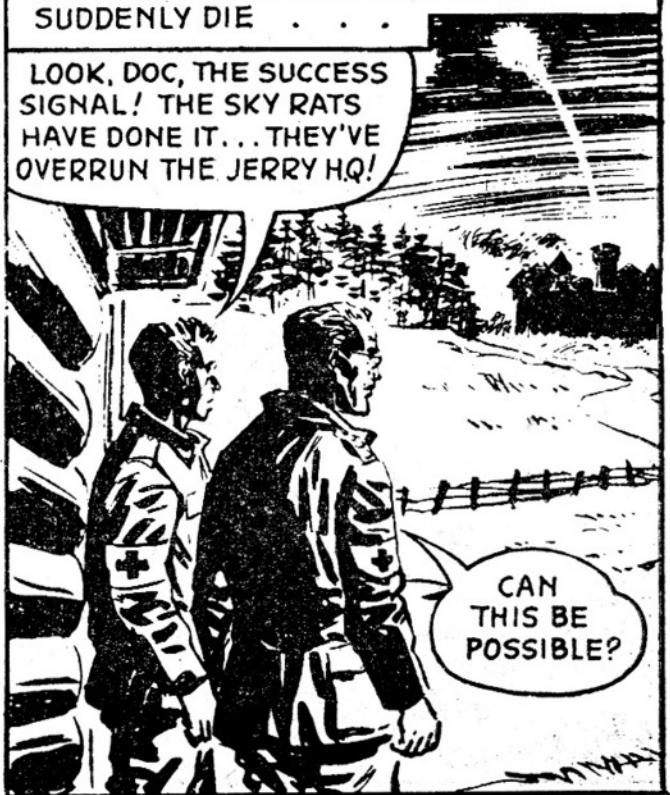
THE BRITISH ARE COMING UP THE STAIRS, HERR GENERAL!

SEND A FINAL MESSAGE, OPERATOR. SAY, THE ENEMY ARE WITHIN OUR GATES . . . BUT WE SHALL FIGHT TO THE LAST . . .



DOC VERNEY, HIS AID POST SET UP IN A GAMEKEEPER'S HUT, HEARD THE HIDEOUS CLAMOUR OF THE BATTLE SUDDENLY DIE . . .

LOOK, DOC, THE SUCCESS SIGNAL! THE SKY RATS HAVE DONE IT . . . THEY'VE OVERRUN THE JERRY H.Q!





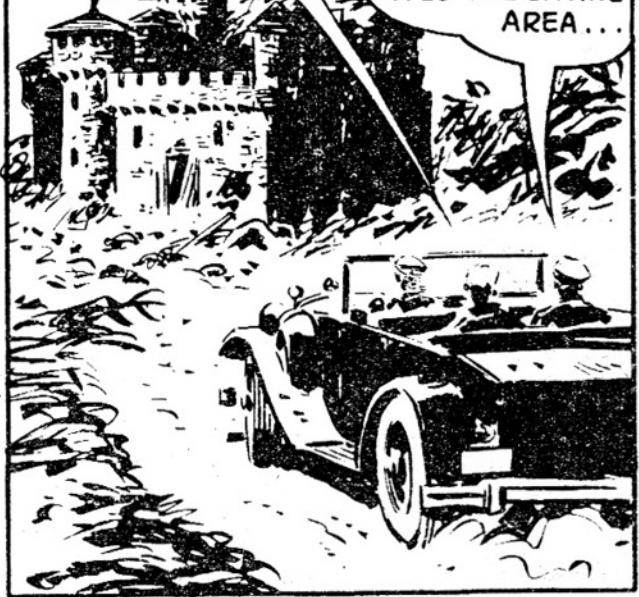
THEN VERNEY HEARD A FAMILIAR VOICE . . .



VERNEY WENT WITH THE BRIGADIER AND THE CAPTURED GERMAN STAFF CAR TOOK THEM TO THE CHATEAU . . .

NO-ONE'S COME OUT SINCE THEY TOOK IT, SIR. COLONEL SLADE MUST STILL BE IN THERE . . .

I WANT TO TELL HIM AND HIS SKY RATS THAT THANKS TO THEM, THE OTHER AIRBORNE BATTALIONS CAN HOLD THE ENTIRE AREA . . .



SHATTERED MASONRY BLOCKED THE ROAD AND THEY WALKED . . .

I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, DOC VERNEY. WE KNOW COLONEL SLADE IGNORED A WAR OFFICE MESSAGE COMING HERE LAST NIGHT. BUT THE MESSAGE WAS SENT TO HIM BY MISTAKE . . . IT WAS MEANT FOR ANOTHER UNIT . . .

THEN SLADE DID RIGHT!



## Taken by Storm

OVER THE CHATEAU HUNG THE SILENCE OF DEATH, AND THE BRIGADIER'S STAFF MAJOR STARTLED VERNEY WITH HIS SHOUT . . .

COLONEL SLADE!  
BRIGADIER'S COMPLIMENTS,  
HE'S IN THE  
COURTYARD!

THEY'RE DEAD  
... ALL DEAD!

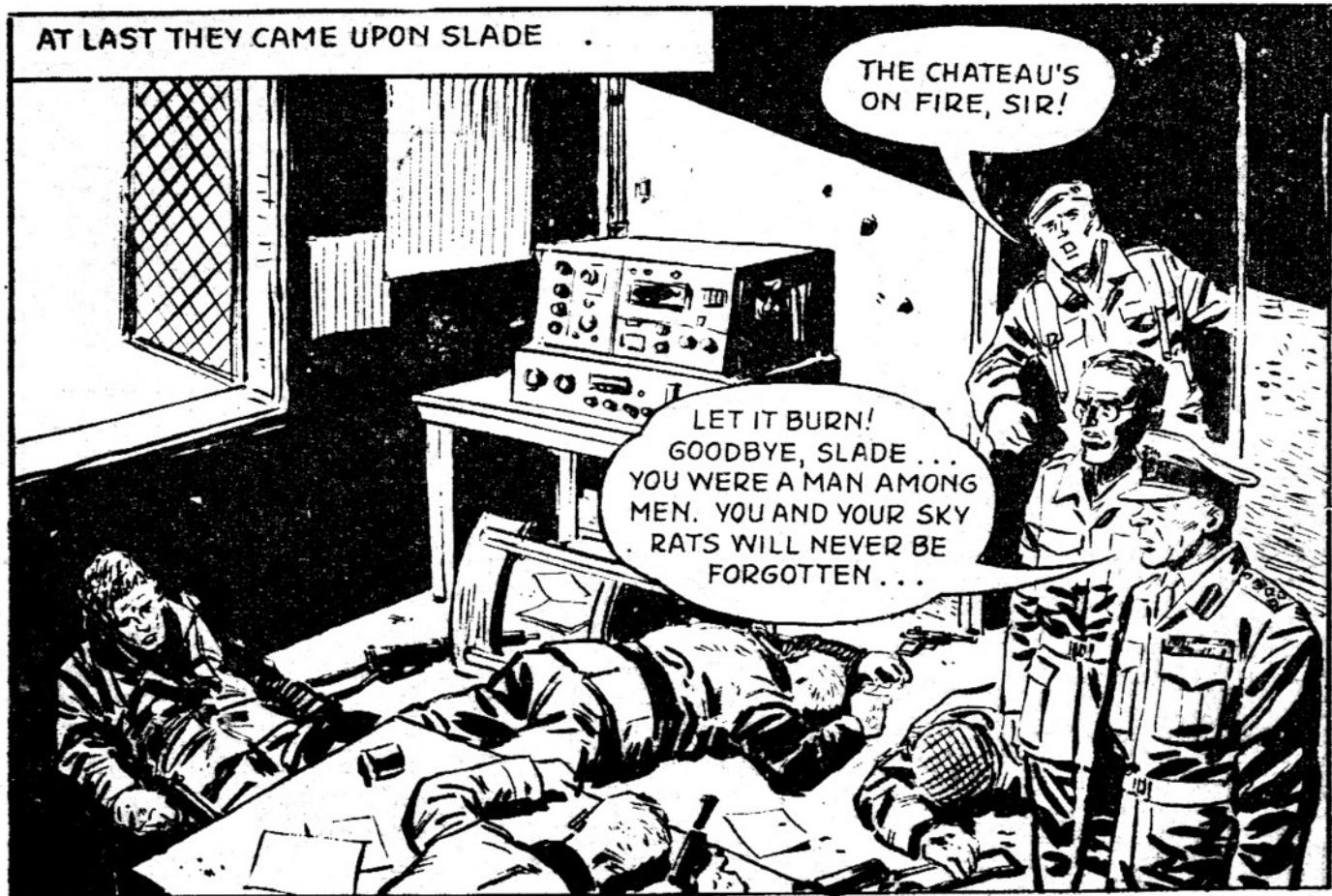


ALL THROUGH THE SHATTERED GERMAN H.Q. THEY CAME UPON THE DEAD . . . THE SKY RATS AND THEIR ENEMIES.

SLADE . . . WHERE ARE YOU?

IT'S BARNEY . . . FOR HIM, TOO, THE LAST SERENADE . . .





AND VERNEY KNEW THE BRIG WAS RIGHT . . . THAT IN THE GENERATIONS TO COME THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE SOME WHO WOULD DARE TO SING THE SONG OF THE SKY RATS.

YOU WANT TO BE A SKY RAT, BUD?  
YOU THINK YOU'D MAKE THE GRADE?  
YOU MUST BE BLOOMING CRAZY, BUD,  
TO PLAY OUR SERENADE

VOLUNTEER  
FOR  
BRITAIN'S AIRBORNE  
FORCES



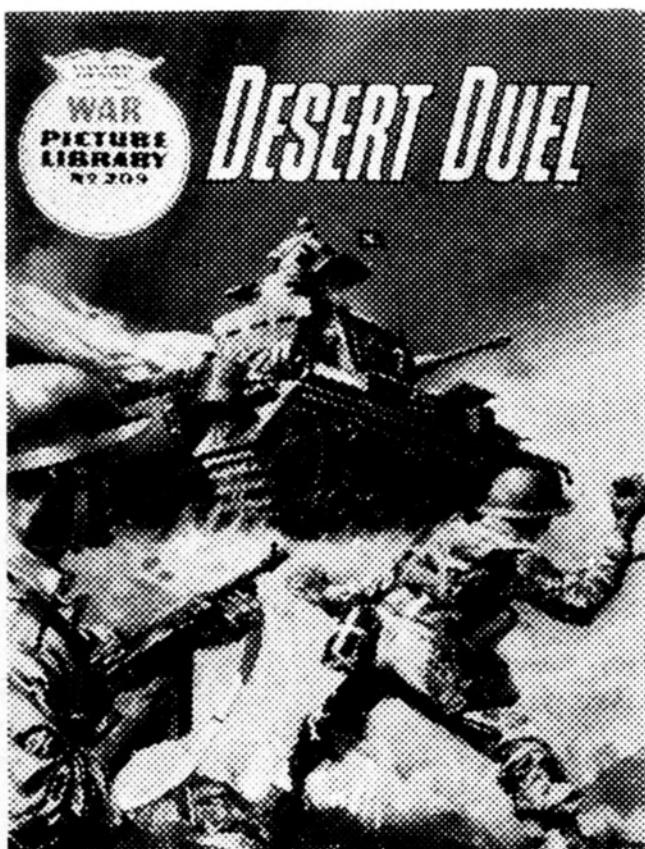
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